

POETRY.

A DEAD SOLDIER.

He sleeps at last—a hero of his race. Dead!—and the night lies softly on his face.

While the faint summer stars, like sentinels, Hover above his lonely resting place.

A soldier, yet less soldier than a man— Who gave to justice what a soldier gave.

The courage of his arm, his patient heart, And the fire-soul that flamed when wrong began.

Not Cesar, Alexander, Antonine, No despot born of the old warrior line,

Napoleons of the sword, whose cruel hands Caught at the throat of love upon its shrine—

But one who worshipped in the sweeter years Those rights that men have gained with blood and tears;

Who led his armies like a priest of men, And fought his battles with unclouded eyes.

—GEORGE EDGAR MASTROBERT, in Harper's Magazine for July.

SELECT STORY

THE PIONEERS.

By J. Finamore Cooper.

AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS," "THE PATRIOT," "HOMEROUND," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

"And calling sinful men to pray," remained to pray."—GODFREY.

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This distinction was rather a gratifying concession, made by the poorer and less polished part of the population than a right claimed by the favored few.

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The villagers proceeded uniformly into the building, with a decorum and gravity that nothing could move, on such occasions; but with a haste that was probably a little heightened by curiosity.

Those who came from the adjacent country spent some little time in placing certain blue and white blankets over their horses before they proceeded to indulge their desire to view the interior of the house. Most of these men Richard approached, and inquired after the health and condition of their families.

The readiness with which he mentioned the names of even the children, showed how very familiarly acquainted he was with their circumstances; and the nature of the answers he received proved that he was a general favorite.

At length one of the pedestrians from the village stopped, and fixed an earnest gaze at a new brick edifice that was throwing a long shadow across the fields of snow, as it rose, with a beautiful gradation of light and shade, under the rays of a full moon.

The pedestrian whom we have already mentioned, as pausing to contemplate this edifice, was no other than the gentleman so frequently named as Mr. or Squire Doolittle. He was of a tall, gaunt formation, with rather sharp features, and a face that expressed formal propriety, mingled with low cunning. Richard approached him, followed by Monsieur Le Quoi and the major-domo.

"Good-evening, squire," said Richard, bobbing his head, but without moving his hands from his pockets.

"Good-evening, squire," echoed Hiram, turning his body, in order to turn his head also.

"A cold night, Mr. Doolittle, a cold night, sir."

"Coolish; a tedious spell on't."

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"Sairtainlee!" exclaimed the complaisant Frenchman, "it es ver fine."

"I thought the monshure would say so. The last molasses that we had was excellent good. It isn't likely that you have any more of it on hand?"

"All out; es, sair," returned Monsieur Le Quoi, with a slight shrug of his shoulder, and a trifling grimace, "dere is more. I feel ver happy dat you love eet. I hope dat Madame Dolet is in good'ly health."

"Why, so as to be strictly speaking, Monsieur Le Quoi, the squire hasn't finished the plans for the inside of the meeting-house yet?"

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"It is a noble plan to put the deacons' box under the pulpit," said Hiram; and then, as if he had ventured too much, he added, "but there's different fashions in different countries."

"That there is," cried Benjamin, "now in running down the coast of Spain and Portugal, you may see a nunery stuck out over every head-land, with more steeples and outriggers, such as dog-vanes and weathercocks, than you'll find aboard of a three-masted schooner. If 's'g be that a well built church is wanting, let England after all, is the country to go to after your models and fashion pieces. As to Paul's, tho' I've never seen it, being that it's a long way up town from Radcliff Highway and the docks, yet everybody knows that it's the grandest place in the world. Now I've no opinion but this here church over there is as like one end of it as a grampus is to a whale; and that's only a small difference in bulk. Monsieur Le Quoi, here, has been in foreign parts; and tho' that is not the name as having been at home, yet he must have seen churches in France too, and can form a small idea of what a church should be; now I like the monshure to his face, if it is not a clever little thing, taking it by and large."

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